

## **Glorious Results of a Misspent Youth** by ImogenMoth

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Abuse, Abuse shown, Bi Steve Harrington, Billy flirts obviously, Child Abuse, First Kiss, I am going down with this trash ship, M/M, Pining, Pining Steve Harrington, Post-Season/Series 02, Sad/Hopeful ending, Slow Burn, Steve POV, Swearing, pinning

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**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Max (Stranger Things), Mr Hargrove (Stranger Things), Nancy Wheeler, Neil Hargrove, Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

A half-drugged Billy kisses Steve and then doesn't remember, but still flirts with Steve constantly. Steve pines for his new friend.

## Glorious Results of a Misspent Youth

Steve tilted Billy's back up into a semi-seated position and threaded one arm under the unconscious boy's knees and wrapped the other under his torso. He could hear his dad's voice in the back of his head "lift with your legs, son" as he shuffled his feet to reposition himself. Billy whimpered, dreaming of something entirely different, his head lolled towards Steve, nuzzling into his shoulder. Deep breath in, and then he was up, carrying the dead-weight of a drugged muscular teenager. Steve didn't even look down at Billy until they reached the couch, he could feel the boy's warmth in his arms. The cut on Steve's chin was definitely reopening with the strain.

"No Mom, I'm going to sleep over here. Yes...Billy fell asleep ten minutes after he got here. Star Wars, Mom." As if a switch turned back on, the sounds in the room came rushing back to Steve after he set Billy down on the couch. The kids were in the kitchen calling their parents, and he could hear Max's voice as well as whispers from the boys to make sure she got her story right. "Well how's he supposed to take me home if he's sound asleep?" Another pause, "Amy's house, you've definitely seen her...yes, he'll take me to school tomorrow..."

Steve turned his attention back to Billy. Somehow the boy that was taut and angry only a couple hours ago was soft, his face relaxed in sleep. Steve adjusted the pillow, gently cupping the back of Billy's head, his fingers sliding into coiffed curls. Steve unbent the boy's legs and turned his body parallel to the couch to take off Billy's boots. As he slid them gently off the right, then left foot he looked up the length of Billy's body and noticed that the necklace he always wore was coiled into the hallow at the base of his neck. Steve reached for the blanket on the armchair, *\*I can't believe I'm putting the kid to bed that beat me in a fight 2 hours ago. This is ridiculous.\** Steve laid the blanket gently over Billy's prone body, sliding the edge up to cover most of his exposed chest. Steve's hands still on the blanket's edge; he glanced at Billy's face just as his eyes fluttered and then opened to stare blankly back at Steve.

"It's alright, just sleep it off." Steve whispered, noticing the pupils in

Billy's bright blue eyes were still pinpricks. He looked reassuringly at Billy, not wanting to explain or confuse him. As though the rest of world had been out of focus except for those big blue eyes, Steve didn't notice Billy's hand rising until it was caressing his cheek. Steve felt very aware of how close they were, his knees were butting up against the leg of the couch, their faces less than a foot apart. Billy started to lean up, his palm pushing into Steve's jaw.

"Billy, stay-" Just as Steve was expecting Billy to sit up farther and lean away from him, Billy's head and shoulder changed direction. Billy lips cut off any advice from Steve. Billy's lips were soft and his face relaxed, but he could feel an insistence behind the momentary peck. As soon as it had started it was over, Steve's mind reeling, his split upper lip tingling. Billy laid back down on the pillow, blinked once up at Steve and let out a slow exhale. Billy closed his eyes, turned on his side towards Steve so his knees were sticking off the couch and tucked his hands in under his chin. Steve shook his head, *\*What just happened?\** His heart was beating as fast as when they snuck past D'Art in the tunnel.

"All three of us will fit on your mom's bed?" The kids had moved onto who was sleeping where. "Totally. That mean's Steve is in Johnathan's room." Steve glanced back down at Billy's sleeping face, thought about reaching a hand to touch his cheek or shoulder as some sort of reciprocation. *\*How is this the weirdest thing that's happened tonight?\** Billy was snuggled up like a child and Steve wanted to whisper "goodnight" like he would do for the boys a little later, but decided against it. He rocked onto his heels and stood up, ready for bed and for things to return to normal.

\* \* \*

The next morning Steve woke to the sound of an unfamiliar alarm, blearily opened his eyes to turn the damn thing off and realized he was in Johnathan's room. It all flooded back, the demo-dogs, Eleven's return, Billy knocking him out, those creepy tunnels and more freaking demo-dogs, and a still-high Billy kissing him. Steve sat up in bed and ran his fingers through his hair. The few hours he did sleep were fitful. Steve tensed when he heard the front door open and shut, his fingers gripped tightly to the edge of the mattress. Then, in quick succession was the sound of a roaring engine, spinning and spitting

gravel and squealing tires as Billy accelerated his muscle car onto the paved road. Steve's fingers released and his shoulders slumped back down. *\*At least it would be easier to get the kids to school without Billy sneering and making comments.\**

Steve shuffled into the kitchen and saw all the jellies and leftovers on the counter, where he put them last night after Dustin threw the contents of the Byers' fridge on the floor. *\*Shit. The eggs are still in the fridge.\** Steve glanced over to see a glob of snot-like goo on the handle of the fridge and shuddered. *\*Sometimes 'for science' is not a good enough reason, Dustin!\** Steve opened a couple cabinets before finding one with cans of tomato soup, pasta and an open box of cream of wheat. He found a pot and turned on the stove. He could hear the kids waking up and getting ready. While Steve was waiting for the water to boil, he went to the bathroom to see how bad his face looked. It felt sore and swollen, but his eye looked better than last night. He slowly peeled off the colorful band-aids the boys had put on last night, wincing as they tugged at his cuts. He washed more dried blood off his face, whispering "fuck!" several times as the soap sunk deep under his skin.

Steve was back in the kitchen with new band-aids and butterfly bandages on his face, stirring the simmering pot. His eyes had glazed over when Max came in.

"Are you OK?" She asked, walking up beside him.

"I was just thinking how no one at school is going to know what's happened. It'll just be a normal day for Tommy and Carol and all of them." Steve glanced over at Max and then stared back into the pot of cream of wheat.

\* \* \*

Steve arrived late to his first period class. Getting four kids into his car with backpacks and some sort of lunch took longer than he'd thought. He was fine with the weird looks, but he avoided his friends between classes so he didn't have to talk about it. Steve found Nancy during lunch and they both explained everything that had happened after the group had split up. Of course they'd used the walkie-talkies last night, and knew that the gate was closed and the shadow

monster was out of Will. But you can't really describe how torn up Johnathan and Joyce were watching Will go through an exorcism over a crackling connection. Steve talked about the demo-dogs and the tunnels and Billy. He didn't mention the kiss, which felt like a mistake or an accident.

Nancy nodded sympathetically, "It's crazy how close Max has gotten to the whole group. She knows everything and was there with you all and the dogs. But Billy's still angry and he's been left out of the inner circle, you know?"

Steve didn't see Billy until basketball practice at the end of the day. After the warm-up, Coach announced to the team they would be doing a scrimmage and started handing out mesh jerseys.

"Steve I don't need to know what happened, just sit out until we need a sub. We want you in top shape when we play East Roane next week." Coach came over and spoke directly with Steve. Steve looked over Coach's shoulder and glared at Billy. Billy who was very interested in his shoe laces looked up with doe eyes to see Steve's anger nonverbally communicating, *\*This is your fault dickhead\**. Steve meandered over to the bench as the teams were forming on either side of the court. Billy seemed deflated, his shoulders were slumped, he was actually wearing a t-shirt and he kept glancing over at the boy on the bench.

Practice wasn't going well. Billy missed multiple shots in a row, and the offense on the other scrimmage team was falling apart without Steve's leadership and communication. Coach called practice short.

Most of the team rushed towards the locker room, but Steve was barely sweaty from the warm-up and would likely not even need a shower. Billy ran over towards him and stopped in front of him at the edge of the court.

"Hey man..." the mullet haired boy started.

"Dude, fuck off."

"Look, King Steve-" Billy began again with his more usual menacing tone which then softened, "I'm sorry about your face and how angry I

was. I was having the worst day and I couldn't find my sister. And... and my dad..." Billy was babbling at the end, looking hopefully into the slight taller boy's brown eyes.

"Oh whatever." Steve replied curtly, surprised that Billy would even care to apologize.

"And hey don't worry, those cuts aren't that deep. They'll heal soon enough and you'll be back to your regular pretty boy self." Billy chuckled and turned to walk away, "Come on, take a smoke break with me. Wait for the locker room to empty out so you don't have to talk about it."

"I don't smoke." But Steve was already following Billy to the door.

\* \* \*

About a week later, Steve was sitting in the living room of the Wheeler's house chatting with Nancy and Johnathan, waiting for the Dustin to wrap up his D&D session when there was a knock at the door. Steve opened the door to see Billy.

"Hey there Stud." Billy stood on the stoop with one hand on the doorframe. His blue shirt was halfway unbuttoned, positioned perfectly so that Steve could see the top of the teen's abs, and the inner round of his pectorals. "I'm looking for my sister, it's getting close to her curfew." Steve opened the door farther to let Billy in and Billy smiled and winked at Steve. As Billy walked past him Steve could smell his musky cologne. Maybe it was just the cologne, but Steve's head was swimming, his eyes unfocused on his surroundings. Realizing a reply was necessary, Steve cleared his throat and followed Billy into the entryway.

"They're down in the basement, I'll show you."

Steve points the way and Billy heads down the basement stairs first. A general murmur of disappoint comes from all the kids. Steve is able to see the table over Billy's denim clad shoulder.

"Come on guys! I told you to start wrapping it up 15 minutes ago!" Steve huffs, not that he's really got somewhere else to be. These kids

could be lost in their own world for days if they weren't forcibly ejected.

Dustin and Mike protested, speaking over one another about a new path they had just started on, but Billy spoke over them. "Guys, it's Max's curfew. Mark where you stopped and pick it up later."

Billy turned around and walked up the basement stairs next to Steve, with Max following a couple steps behind. Steve caught a great look at Billy's butt in his tight jeans, following his curves perfectly. *\*Beautiful. Woah. Wait, that's not normal.\** He turned back to the group.

"Dustin, you too."

Mike and Lucas were still sitting at the table after Dustin got up. He headed towards Steve momentarily, then pivoted around and ran back to the floral couch in the corner.

"Almost forgot." Dustin turned to the two boys "See you tomorrow!" Then he turned to Steve and handed him a walkie-talkie like the ones boys use to plan their play-times. Exactly like the walkie-talkie that helped them co-ordinate the closing of the gate. "It's for you, so you can reach us if you need to or something else goes wrong and we need your super nail-bat skills again."

"Let's hope nothing like that ever happens again." Dustin looked up at him and smiled a toothy grin. "Thanks, kid."

Steve and Dustin exited the Wheeler house to the sound of Billy's engine revving. Steve told Dustin to go ahead and get in his car as he headed over to Billy's driver-side window.

"Do you have a curfew too?" Steve asked the teen. Billy had one hand on the steering wheel and the other out the window with an unlit cigarette between his fingers.

"No, I'm a rebel. What are you thinking?" Billy looked up though his eyelashes, the shadows thrown by the exterior house lights emphasizing the contours of his face.

"Come over to mine and hang out. If you want? My parents are away,

I'm kinda bored and I don't have any homework." Steve babbled away. *\*I don't want to say I'm lonely.\**

"Wow. What an invite." Billy stabbed his cigarette into the 12-volt socket, lighting the end bright orange. "Sure, I'll come to your castle after I drop my sis off." Billy smirked and blew smoke out the side of his mouth as Steve gave him the address.

Less than 15 minutes later Billy was in Steve's house. The softer light emphasized different parts of the teen, the way his dark blond hair hit the shoulder of his jean jacket, his bright blue eyes and and his hands tucked nervously into his jeans.

"You want a beer?" Steve nodded towards the fridge.

"Sure. Your parents won't mind?" It surprised Steve how respectful Billy has been since entering his house. He remembered Billy doing a keg stand at the Halloween party, with no shirt under his leather jacket.

"Nope. My dad's a pretty big-shot lawyer so he's away a lot working on cases in Bloomington or Indianapolis, but when he gets back all he wants to do is drink a six-pack and not think about anything." Billy nods in understanding. "We've got plenty more in the basement. And, well, my Dad knows I drink." Steve's a different person now than the kid that got a DUI reduced to reckless driving by his Dad two years ago.

The two boys ended up relaxing in chairs on the back patio. Billy had his head tilted back and was blowing smoke into the night sky. They talked about the stupid referee at East Roane who fouled Billy out of the game. They talked about Mr. Mundy's test coming up next week, and they talked without looking at each other. Instead, they looked up at the night sky together. *\*This is nice.\** Thought Steve in one of the lulls in conversation. *\*Nancy's left me for Johnathan and Tommy H is always with Carol now. I need a friend to just talk to.\**

"Y'know, I like looking at the stars and feeling small." Billy started talking again out of the blue and Steve turned his head to look over at the boy who was still staring at the sky. "That none of this stupid high school shit matters, my stupid family doesn't matter, we're all



just inconsequential and the world keeps turning.” *\*Well, that was kind of depressing but also poetic.\** Billy took a sip of beer and Steve watched his Adam’s apple bob up and down. *\*I’m definitely tipsy but boy is he beautiful.\** Steve exhaled and looked back up at the sky.

“Yeah...But you’re King of the school now, master of the keg stand and number one hottie.” Billy looked over at Steve with raised eyebrows, “The little things matter too, I think.”

\* \* \*

A couple weeks later it was the evening of the Snow Ball at Hawkins Middle. Dustin had asked Steve to drive him so that he could get some last minute advice. He really hoped it worked out for Dustin, he was a cute, smart kid. Steve couldn’t help mentoring him.

Steve watched the curly haired boy walk into the auditorium, and chuckled to himself, imagining Dustin purring at a girl he thought was pretty. Then he noticed Nancy was volunteering at a table near the front of the gym. He could see her through the thin sliver of window on the door. Her hair was curled and perfectly balanced on her head and she was laughing and smiling. *\*Maybe I should go talk to her. I’ll probably just be out of place and everyone will think all I do is hang out with nerdy middle schoolers.\**

Steve got out of his car. The cool December air reddened his nose and cheeks. *\*A walk will help.\** He couldn’t help his thoughts turning to Billy. They had been hanging out for several weeks now, and were becoming friends. Steve was happy to have someone he could talk to, even if it was whining about how he’d only turned in one college application in on time. *\*It’s also nice how beautiful he is. Not like that’s something you need in a friend but its nice.\** Steve decided to walk towards the football field, there would be no one there and he could be alone with his thoughts. He turned left after the middle school building and walked along the sidewalk that joined Hawkins Middle to the high school parking lot.

There were car headlights spilling onto the sidewalk halfway down the parking lot. As Steve approached, he could tell it was Billy’s car.

“Hey Steve is that you?” There was a slightly muffled shout from

inside the car.

"It's me." Steve hollered back and walked around to the passenger-side door of the camaro. The windows were already down.

"Come and sit with me for a bit, pretty boy." Steve climbed into the car and noticed that Billy was wearing a light blue short sleeve shirt with only one button undone.

"How are you not freezing your ass off?"

"I'm just naturally hot." Billy chuckled and winked at Steve. "You want the windows up?" Billy already moved his hand to the buttons on the center console as Steve nodded.

"You dropped your sister off?" Steve assumed out loud.

"Yeah. God, she took forever getting ready and she isn't even wearing a dress or anything."

"You know I could totally make a snarky comment about how long it takes you to get ready but I don't want to get kicked out into the cold," Steve mocked. Just their body heat had warmed the car up just enough for the windows to start fogging at the edges.

"I just didn't feel like going home just yet." Billy glanced over at Steve, the inside of the car was dark but Steve could see the stubble around Billy's lips, and the concerned wrinkle between his brows. Steve knew that Billy wasn't fond of his new home, but he didn't understand exactly why.

"Oh!" Billy exclaimed, "I just remembered. I got new cassette tapes in the mail today! Do you want me to put one on?" Billy was suddenly just as excited as the middle schoolers Steve had been spending time with. Gone was any sign of anger, worry or the confident mask Billy put on at school. He had transformed into a puppy, all excited and using big gestures with his hands.

"Sure." Steve barely muttered out, surprised by Billy's excitement. Billy reached into the back seat footwell, his whole body leaning across the middle of the car. Steve could smell his cologne, which was warm and spicy. Steve looked over at the boy's shoulder which

was inches from his own upper arm. He noticed Billy's bicep tugging at the edge of his short sleeve's hem and his dangling earring brought his gaze to Billy's neck. But as soon as the thought crossed his mind to touch Billy, the other boy had turned around and was sitting straight up in his seat, talking a mile a minute.

"When I was in California I subscribed to the Columbia House tape club. It's so cheap. And as long as I make the selections correctly they send me ten tapes a month. It took me a while to get my address changed so this is the first order I've gotten from them since I've been in Hawkins." Billy looked several times between Steve and the cardboard box in his lap while talking. He opened the box. "Sometimes I forget what I ordered because it takes a while to get here. I've got Queensryche, Motorhead, Cirith Ungol, Quiet Riot, Joan Jett, Metallica and Red Rider." He looked expectantly at Steve.

"I don't know any of those bands, why don't you pick" Billy nodded and chose the Red Rider album.

"This is their album from '83, I couldn't get their newest one yet." The music was not as hard rock as some of the music Billy normally listened to, an electric guitar solo played over synthesizers. Billy leaned back in his seat, eyes closed taking in the music. When the second track started with a guitar riff, Billy opened his eyes and turned to Steve.

"You're not too warm?" The windows had completely fogged up at this point, but Steve shook his head. Billy licked his lips and with a smile started to undo his shirt buttons. Very. Slowly. Billy looked up through his eyelashes at Steve as his fingers moved on the next one. Billy's stomach was exposed just above his belly button. *\*Fuck, I'm staring. I want to touch him. Touch him.\**

Steve let his thoughts take over him, never having felt this strongly about anyone before. He leaned over the center console and into the other boy's space. Steve hesitated for a moment, his face inches from Billy's, a sudden nervousness hit him as he looked into Billy's blue eyes. *\*Fuck it.\** Steve closed his eyes, tilted his head slightly to the right and leaned in to kiss Billy freaking Hargrove.

Their lips collided with a weight that meant Billy had helped close

the gap too. Steve could feel the scruff around Billy's lips tickle his own as they puckered again and again, the euphoria not wearing off. Billy reached his hand around the back of Steve's neck pulled him closer, deepening the kiss and exploring Steve's mouth with his tongue. This was nothing like kissing Nancy or the few girls he'd kissed before her. There was no danger in breaking the porcelain, pretty, nice girl here. Steve was kissing back fast and sloppy and they were both moaning into each other's mouths. Steve grabbed the edge of Billy's unbuttoned shirt edge and leaned away from the kiss. Billy followed for a moment, broke the kiss and then grabbed a quick peck before leaning away as well. Both boys were dazed and smiling. Steve leaned his shoulder on his seat, his body still facing Billy, brought his hand up to rub circles on the boy's jaw.

"I was wondering if you would ever get the nerve." Billy broke the happy silence, his voice husky and low.

"Well you did kiss me first." Steve smirked as Billy's eyes widened, and began to explain.

\* \* \*

A couple days after the night of the Snow Ball dance, Billy and Steve planned to get together at Billy's and study for their final exams. Steve strongly suspected they wouldn't even crack open their textbooks, but he had brought them along just in case.

Steve had sneaking into girls bedrooms without their parents noticing down to a science. Not that it was hard at the Wheeler's house, but he had done it before then. Billy mentioned that his house was only one story and that he'd have his light on and his curtain open so Steve could tell which room was his.

Steve turned off his headlights and coasted the last half block before parking behind the bushes to the side of the Hargrove's driveway. He grabbed his math textbook, his keys and walked around the bushes and down the drive.

Most of the windows in the house had drawn blinds with stripes of light coming from inside. There was one window to the left of the front door that had it's curtains flung open, a warm yellow-orange

glow was spilling onto the yard. From his current position Steve could see a Metallica poster on the wall. He smiled, imagining popping his head through the window, the password a peck on the lips from the hottest boy in school.

Steve crept closer, and he saw Billy's bedroom door open, Billy walked into the room fuming and slammed the door behind him. Steve hadn't seen Billy that angry in a month. A second later, his door opened and Billy's Dad stormed in, redder in the face than his son. Though he couldn't hear, Steve could tell Mr. Hargrove was yelling. He kept yelling and Billy backed up against his wall. Billy wasn't saying anything. He was shaking. Mr. Hargrove grabbed Billy by his collar and showed him into the wall. Steve saw the first slap. As soon as his Dad's hand raised a second time Steve turned around.

He could feel the hot sting of tears forming. He ran back to the car, thinking of only one way to help the situation. Steve fumbled with his keys cursing under his breath. Not pausing a moment to sit, Steve dove across the driver's seat into the passengers footwell. His hand grasped around the rectangular edges of the walkie-talkie. Steve exhaled shakily as he turned the device over. One the back was a piece of masking tape, curling at the edges with two important channels written on it. "The Party: Channel 10, Hoppers CB: Channel 15."

Steve turned the knob on the front of the walkie-talkie and double checked he was on the correct channel before he spoke.

"Hopper. Hopper. This is Steve Harrington." His voice was shaking.

"Steve this is my personal CB, I am not on patrol." There was a pause. "What is the matter?"

"Chief. I...I came over to Billy, Billy Hargrove's house to study and I..." Tears were streaming down Steve's face and he had a hard time getting the right words out. He was crouched beside the driver door of his car. "I saw Billy's Dad ye-yelling and hitting him." There were a few seconds before Hopper responded, Steve's breaths were coming in ragged.

"Are you outside the Hargrove house?"

“Yes.”

“Looking in a window, is the abuse still happening?”

Steve peeked around the corner of the bushes could see that Billy was nearly doubled over and that his father was punching his stomach. Billy’s face was contorted with pain and he was trying to put his forearms between his stomach and his fathers fists.

“Yes. His Dad is p-punching-“ The ‘him’ got caught in Steve’s throat. If he could have gotten more words out he would have begged Hopper to come, to stop this, God, please.

“Steve. I’m on my way. Please stay where you are.”

Steve glanced around the corner of the bushes again, and saw the back of Mr. Hargrove’s head and the door close behind him as he left Billy’s room. Steve threw down his keys and the walkie-talkie and started jogging along the bushes. He stayed in the darkest shadow along the length of the drive, this was more dangerous than any bedroom he’d snuck into before.

Steve reached up and tapped lightly on Billy’s window, the ledge was at his eyebrow height. He felt the tears begin to flow again as Billy’s face appeared above him, tear streaked and red. His perfectly styled hair was all over the place and Steve could see red marks on his exposed chest. Billy opened the window slowly.

“You should go home Harrington.” Billy whispered, his chin hovering above the windowsill.

“No.” Steve whispered back, placing his forearms onto the sill and starting to pull himself up. When his face was level with Billy’s, “I saw everything. Let me in.” Steve found a footing and Billy helped pull him in quietly.

They both stood upright in the middle of the room and unlike earlier, Steve had no interest in exploring Billy’s room. He looked at the teen with sadness and worry. The tears started to flow from Billy’s eyes, his shoulders slumped inwards, slightly hitching with every breath. Billy’s hands covered his face. Steve took one step forward and

wrapped his arms tight around the boy's torso. Billy's head tucked into the curve of Steve's collar.

"I'm here." Steve whispered. He let the boy cry, holding on tight as tears streamed down his own face. "I called Hopper. This is going to end."

### **Author's Note:**

That last scene was really hard to write and I'm sorry. But I just don't think that hero-Steve could know about the abuse and not do anything. I'm really excited to be a part of this ship as things are just getting started, and I have some other fic ideas already.

My tumblr is [bassoonroisseur.tumblr.com](https://bassoonroisseur.tumblr.com) (I don't post exclusively ST) if you want to talk.

Also if anyone was wondering why not the 1984 Red Rider album - it starts with a song called Whipping Boy which hits way too close to home for this fic, but I might use it for another.